

Dark Hearts

The Queen Killing Kings

They'd been warned, day was bound to be
Burning up with fever in the poison dusted streets
So they built up iron walls to tower tides of feat
Each of whom will meet their doom before this night retreats
And when their bones decay
In dust they'll float away
On wind bound south to hell
All the dark hearts yell: "We came to wake the dead
With thunder in our breath
With fire in our hands
We'll make the world our prisoner" They'll be parades marching to the beat
In masquerade the dark will play a cricket symphony
So they built up iron walls that can not stand the breeze
Like hurricanes our wrath will claim this city as it sleeps

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